

PACIFISTS SEEKING TO 'CHINAIFY' AMERICA, ROOSEVELT ASSERTS

Colonel Ridicules Wilson's "Too Proud to Fight" Speech in Vigorous Address on Preparedness at Exposition.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—The average Chinaman took the view that China was too proud to fight, and in practice made evident his hearty approval of that subject pacifist song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," said Theodore Roosevelt in sounding a warning of the dangers of "solation as a substitute for action" before a great crowd at the Panama-Pacific Exposition yesterday.

Colonel Roosevelt spoke on preparedness and set forth that theme with new emphasis. "I firmly believe," he said, "that there should be universal military service for our young men on the Swiss model."

Referring to the price which Belgium had paid, he declared it was because of her unpreparedness, and warned this country as follows: "Some day or other it may well be that we shall have to pay on a tenfold greater scale the same price for exactly the same reasons; and if such should be the case, remember, my fellow countrymen, that whereas the case of Belgium excited sympathy, our misfortune would excite nothing but scorn and contempt; for a rich, powerful, boastful people invites the ridicule of all mankind if, whether from sheer silliness and shortsightedness, or from soft timidity, or from gross and greedy devotion to the material benefits of the moment, it fails to prepare itself to defend its own rights with its own strength."

The United States had treated the Hague conventions as mere "scraps of paper," he said, "when the demand was made to show that our signatures meant something."

CRANKS WORK HARD ON WAR DEVICES

But the Worst of It Is That They Plague the Fire Marshal for Permits.

Cranks with weird inventions for the taking of human life and agents of mysterious manufacturing concerns seeking permits for the storage of tons of high explosives have been keeping the fire marshal, George W. Elliott busy since the war in Europe began.

The fire marshal said today that most of the applications for permits had to be denied because of the stringent maximum of 200 pounds of explosive chemicals as all that may be stored in one place. Only licensed manufacturers of chemicals, who erect special buildings for the purpose, are permitted to store more than this.

All kinds of inventions are being submitted to the fire marshal's office. One man had a "relay gun," similar to that described in Arthur Train's novel, "The Man Who Rode to Earth." This gun will shoot a shell so many miles. The shell explodes when it begins to lose force and shoots out another shell.

Another man had a shell that must be dropped from a height of 20 feet. He would then rebound five miles into the air, according to the inventor, and smash all the aeroplanes and Zeppelins in the vicinity.

The fire marshal laughed at the story that a workman had been injured at the Baldwin Locomotive Works by the explosion of a shrapnel shell. From other sources also it was learned that the man had been injured in some other way and that there was no explosion. The locomotive works could not get a permit for storing explosives even if one were sought.

The injured man was John Harkness, of 509 Farchiff street. He was at work on an empty shell when it was struck by a piece of metal on the machine revolving at high speed. The casing burst and Harkness was struck by a fragment of metal which entered his chest. He was taken to the Medico-Chirurgical Hospital when another man, apparently a foreman at the works, silenced him and declined to give out any information. Harkness is in a serious condition.

MICHAELSEN A SUICIDE

Discovery of Letters Discredits Murder Theory.

Friends of Frederick C. Michaelson, the contractor, whose body was found in Cobb's Creek, said today they were at loss to account for his suicide, in view of the fact that his assets were greater than his liabilities. The finding of the contractor's coat, collar and tie, together with a packet of letters, has dispelled all suspicion that the man was murdered.

These articles were found by two boys who were wandering along the creek some distance from where the body was found. Among the papers was a letter addressed to Ferdinand Michaelson, in which Frederick stated that he intended ending his life because of worry over financial matters and ill health.

There were also numerous other papers concerning business negotiations.

Police Court Chronicles

There's too much foliage in the city, in the opinion of Edward Toie, and he contends that it is an obstacle to progress—especially his progress. Drooping branches along the sidewalks in the northeastern section caused Toie to walk with bowed head to protect his face. He decided to change conditions and uproot every tree he came in contact with. Of course, he confined his attention to saplings. Feeling off his coat he started in on Girard avenue and pulled up three trees in one block. A few ladies, who were overjoyed at the sight of a man working, cheered him; but several housewives denounced Toie for his destructive work.

"Trees belong in the country," Toie growled. "They're out of place in the city." He was about to tackle an innocent young sapling when Policemen Balke and Evans happened along and objected. They made the strong man replace the trees he had pulled up and then took him to the Front and Market streets station. When the prisoner told Magistrate Scott of his general opposition to trees, the judge became indignant. "I have no time for a man who is opposed to the beautiful ornament of nature," he said.

"That's the judge," declared Toie. "What will he do with my disposition?" the judge asked. "And if you disposition to plant trees in my yard?" "I'll plant them in your yard," the judge said.

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THE RETURN OF TARZAN By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Tarzan, on becoming acquainted with Olga, attracts the attention of a number of persons. He is invited to a party at the residence of Count de Coude, and is the subject of much conversation. He is invited to a party at the residence of Count de Coude, and is the subject of much conversation.

Through his brute strength and skill he escapes. He reports his adventure to the police. The opera Tarzan meets the Countess de Coude and makes an appointment to see her. She comes to her house, where he institutes his way into an alcove, where he meets Countess de Coude.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.) This result was electrical. Never before had he been so close to her. In startled guilt they looked suddenly into each other's eyes, and where Olga de Coude should have been strong she was weak.

Raoul de Coude made hurried excuses to his host after he had read the letter handed him by the ambassador's butler. He recalled the nature of the excuses he made. Everything was quite a blur to him up to the time that he stood on the threshold of his own home.

Olga was the first to see him. With a horrified shriek she tore herself from the door and the ape-man turned just in time to ward with him arm a terrific blow that De Coude had aimed at his head. Once, twice, three times the heavy stick fell with lightning rapidity, and Tarzan, with a gasp, saw the ape-man back to the primordials.

With the low, guttural anger of the bull ape he sprang for the Frenchman. The great stick was torn from his grasp and broken in two. The ape-man had been broken to be flung aside as the infuriated beast charged for his adversary's throat.

Olga de Coude stood a horrified spectator of the terrible scene which she had witnessed. She saw Tarzan murdering her husband—choke the life from him—shaking him as a terrier might shake a rat.

Frantically she tore at his great hands. "Kill him, God! Kill him, God! Kill him, God!" she cried. "You are killing him, you are killing him! Oh, Jean, you are killing my husband!"

Tarzan was deaf with rage. Suddenly he hurled the body to the floor and, with a gasp, he turned to the woman. He raised his head, then through the palace of the Count de Coude rang the awesome challenge of the bull ape that has made a kill. From cellar to attic the women shrieked and trembling. The woman in the room sank to her knees beside the body of her husband, and prayed.

Slowly the red mist faded from before Tarzan's eyes. Things began to take the form of a civilized man. His eyes fell upon the figure of the kneeling woman. "Olga," he whispered. She looked up, expecting to see the man who had just killed her husband. Instead, she saw sorrow and contrition.

"Oh, Jean!" she cried. "See what you have done. He was my husband. I loved him, and you have killed him!" Very gently Tarzan raised the limp form of the Count de Coude and bore it to a couch. Then he put his ear to the man's breast.

"She brought it, Olga," he said. "She brought it, Olga," he said. "She brought it, Olga," he said. "She brought it, Olga," he said.

"Why did you do it, Jean?" she asked. "I do not know. He sick me, and I was mad. I was mad. I was mad. I was mad." "I do not know. He sick me, and I was mad. I was mad. I was mad. I was mad."

"I do not judge you at all, Jean. The fault is mine. You must go now—be must not find you here when he regains consciousness. Good-by."

It was a sorrowful Tarzan who walked with bowed head from the palace of the Count de Coude. One outside his thoughts took definite shape, to the end that 30 minutes later he entered a police station not far from the Rue Maule. Here he soon found one of the officers with whom he had had his encounter several weeks previous.

"Very often, indeed, monsieur. Each has a police record, and while there is nothing charged against them now, we make it a point to know every well who does the love me. For an instant, I have had little experience of women. Olga de Coude is very beautiful, that, and the duo light and the seductive surroundings, and the appeal of the defences for protection, might have been resisted by a more civilized man, but my civilization is not even skin-deep—it does not go deeper than my clothes."

Russian's face as he looked into the hard, gray eyes of his visitor. "Name of a man?" he shouted, springing to his feet. "What brings you here?"

"Bit down," said Tarzan, so low that the men could barely catch the words, but in a tone that brought Rokoff to his chair, and kept Pavlitch in his.

"You know what has brought me here," he continued, in the same low tone. "It should be to kill you, but because you are Olga de Coude's brother I shall not do that now."

"I shall give you a chance for your life, Pavlitch does not count much—he is merely a stupid, foolish little tool, and I shall not kill him so long as I permit you to live. Before I leave you two alive in this room you will have done two things. The first will be to write a full confession of your connection with tonight's plot—and sign it."

The second will be to promise me upon pain of death that you will permit no word of this affair to get into the newspapers. If you do not do both, neither you nor I will be alive when I pass through that doorway. Do you understand?"

"Now write," said the ape-man. "If it is necessary to handle you again I shall not be so lenient." Rokoff picked up a pen and commenced to write.

"See that you omit no detail, and that you mention every name," cautioned Tarzan. Presently there was a knock at the door. "Enter," said Tarzan.

A dapper young man came in. "I am from the Matin," he announced. "I understand that Monsieur Rokoff has a story for me." "Then you are mistaken, monsieur," replied Tarzan. "You have no story for publication, have you, my dear Rokoff?"

Rokoff looked up from his writing with an ugly scowl upon his face. "No," he growled, "I have no story for publication—now." "Nor ever, my dear Rokoff," and the reporter did not see the nasty light in the ape-man's eye; but Nikolai Rokoff did.

"No ever," he repeated, hastily. "It is too bad that monsieur has been troubled," said Tarzan, turning to the newspaper man. "I bid monsieur good evening," and he bowed the dapper young man out of the room, and closed the door in his face.

An hour later Tarzan, with a rather bulky manuscript in his coat pocket, turned at the door leading from Rokoff's room. "Were I you I should leave France," he said, "for sooner or later I shall find an excuse to kill you that will not in any way compromise your alibi."

CHAPTER VI. A DUEL. D'ARNOT was asleep when Tarzan entered their apartments after leaving Rokoff's. Tarzan did not disturb him, but the following morning he narrated the happenings of the previous evening, omitting not a single detail.

"What a fool I have been," he concluded. "De Coude and his wife were both my friends. How have I returned their friendship? Barely did I escape murdering the count. I have cast a stigma on the name of a good woman. It is very probable that I have broken up a happy home."

"Do you love Olga de Coude?" asked D'Arnot. "Were I not positive that she does not love me I could not answer your question, Paul; but without deluging you I tell you that I do not love her, nor does she love me. For an instant, I have been the victim of a sudden madness—it was not love—and it would have left us, unharmed, as suddenly as it had come upon us even though De Coude had not returned. As you know, I have had little experience of women. Olga de Coude is very beautiful, that, and the duo light and the seductive surroundings, and the appeal of the defences for protection, might have been resisted by a more civilized man, but my civilization is not even skin-deep—it does not go deeper than my clothes."

"I am a scoundrel. I cannot endure it, my friend, and so I think that I shall go back to my own jungle and lead the life that God intended that I should lead when he put me there."

"Do not take it so to heart, Jean," responded D'Arnot. "You have acquitted yourself much better than most of the men would have under similar circumstances. As to leaving Paris at this time, I rather think that Raoul de Coude may be expected to have something to say on that subject before long."

"Nor was D'Arnot mistaken. A week later on Monsieur Flaubert was announced at eleven in the morning as D'Arnot and Tarzan were breakfasting. Monsieur Flaubert was an impressive polite gentleman. With many low bows he delivered Monsieur le Comte de Coude's challenge to Monsieur Tarzan. "Would you have a friend meet Monsieur Flaubert at as early an hour as convenient that the details might be arranged to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned."

Certainly, Monsieur Tarzan would be delighted to place his interests unreservedly in the hands of his friend, Lieutenant D'Arnot. And so it was arranged that D'Arnot would call on Monsieur Flaubert at two that afternoon and he polite Monsieur Flaubert, with many bows, left them.

"Now to my sins I must add murder, or else myself be killed," said Tarzan. "I have no doubt of it," replied Tarzan. "I must die some day."

"We had better make it swords," said D'Arnot. "He will be satisfied with wounding you, and there is less danger of a mortal wound."

"Pistols," said Tarzan with finality. "I have no doubt of it," replied Tarzan. "I must die some day."

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ARGENTINA AND THE GERMAN NOTES



This photograph is a reproduction from the cover page of Caras y Caretas, an illustrated monthly magazine of Buenos Aires. At his desk may be seen President Wilson. The rather grotesque figure to the left represents his valet. Behind on the wall may be seen a photograph of George Washington. A translation of the legend beneath reads as follows:

DANGEROUS DIPLOMACY "Sir! The German Minister is below waiting the note from your excellency. Shall I prepare your frock coat or your swallow tail?" "No! Bring me a helmet and sword."

This drawing created considerable comment in Argentina and its reproduction now is especially timely to us.

The Daily Story

Jones and Two Others

Miss Dorothy Evans had written a love story. Miss Dorothy was the daughter of Judge Evans, and for several years her fond father had insisted that she had literary talent and should develop it. She didn't believe she had, and she had been four years getting around to that story. She had made about 40 plans and plans and beginnings and abandoned them. Somehow or other she couldn't bring about a first meeting between hero and heroine in a natural manner.

"You don't want to," replied the father when she gave that as an excuse. "Egad, that is just the thing you don't want to do. You want to make your story unique. Have the heroine up a tree—on a haystack—stuck fast in an elevator. Or, have the hero about to be saved in two in a sawmill—being carried around on the arms of a windmill at the rate of 100 miles an hour—caught by the leg to a bear trap—up to his neck in a bog. Hunt for the unique and unusual, my dear."

At length one day that long-talked-of story was slaved afresh. It had a hero and a heroine, and a plot, and a climax, and a railroad track, and had been held there for three days.

SENDS ROCKEFELLER, "POOR DEVIL," A DYSPEPSIA CURE

Bloomsburg Painter Pities Oil Magnate in His Affliction. BLOOMSBURG, Pa., July 22.—James Goss, painter by trade and philanthropist by nature, has just sent a dyspepsia cure to John D. Rockefeller. "I send the remedy," said Goss in his letter, "only because I think that it will do you good. I don't get any reward, because if you are a sufferer from indigestion you are a poor devil like the rest of us, and money doesn't count."

The cure suggested is made from a chicken gizzard, which, he explains in his communication, contains "more pepsin than any living organism," a circumstance that a kindly nature endowed a chicken with to get away "with corn and other rations that daily fall to its meal."

"Just skin a gizzard from a healthy chicken," Goss explains, "and dry it in an oven, afterward flavoring it with cayenne or other ingredients to suit the taste. When distressed at a pinch as often as you like and I will promise that in a short time you will be able to digest an old-fashioned country dinner, even to sauer kraut and mince pie."

PARK ORDINANCE SIGNED

Mayor Sanctions Improvement of Squares and Recreation Centres. An ordinance providing for the improvement of a number of squares and recreation centres by the Department of Public Works has been signed by Mayor Blankenburg.

The ordinance, which was passed by Council at the last session, provides for the improvement of the work from Jones street to Chestnut street, and for the improvement of the squares, aggregating \$33,000, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Location and Amount. Includes Westmoreland Park (\$3,700), Chestnut Park (\$3,000), and others.

K. of C. Delegates Leave City

The advance guard of the Pennsylvania delegation to the annual convention of the Knights of Columbus, to be held in Seattle, beginning August 1, left this city for Chicago this morning. The party included J. J. Ralphy, State deputy, who closed the Pennsylvania group; Daniel Wade, George Phillips and about twenty other knights, who will stand unofficially for Chicago this morning.

and has come in to see about it. It's the worst ever. I've got better manuscripts from cooks and laundresses. I've got to turn it down, but I'm going to Judge's daughter. I'd like to soften the blow. Help me out, won't you?"

"How?" "Here's the manuscript. See her in the reception room and tell her why it's so crowded just now. Tell her that other magazines pay more for her particularly style than we do. In fact, tell her anything to let her down easy."

"Not much!" was the laughing reply. "That's what you are paid for. What's the matter with the story?"

"Has the hero held fast in a frog on the railroad track for three days?" "The trains must have jumped over him as he came along."

"Good!" "Oh, say, go in and talk to her. Shouldn't wonder if she were a good-looking girl."

"Haven't time. By-by, Jones." "The one called 'Jones' passed out, and in a minutes later Jones entered the reception room with the rejected story in hand, and a look of benevolence on his face. Miss Dorothy Evans. She had fled with burning cheeks and tears of humiliation in her eyes.

"Narrow escape for me," said Jones, with a sigh of relief, as he returned to his den to send the story back by mail with the usual inclosure of thanks. A month passed. Judge Evans was very busy and he had forgotten the literary career of his daughter. She hadn't, however. Every time she thought of Jones she wanted to slaughter him. She didn't believe she had, and she didn't know. He had a pleasant voice, was evidently a young man, and he had not made fun of her story.

One summer's day Miss Dorothy sunbathed on the highway toward the old stone quarry. She had given the road to a man coming toward her in an auto when her foot struck a stone and her ankle turned, and there she was, sitting down in the road. On the man got out, and in a trice he had her seated on a rock and was saying how sorry he was and hoping it was not a bad accident. The man that one called Frank, she didn't know. He had a pleasant voice, was evidently a young man, and he had not made fun of her story.

"But I am Judge Evans' daughter." "Yes." "And I wrote a story and sent it to Jones, of the Blank Magazine."

"Yes?" "And the hero was caught in a frog of a railroad track and held for three days?" "I—I don't quite understand!" stammered the young man.

"But you said to Jones that day that the trains must have jumped over him as he came along?" "Yes." "I—I was it about a month ago, and in the office of the magazine?"

"The same, sir. I was in the reception room when you called on me. Mr. Frank Denison didn't deny his words. He said that the first thing was to get Miss Dorothy home, which took only about three minutes, and then he called again. He called to talk with the Judge, and then he called the daughter, and to make himself very agreeable and very much at home. He often asked for the story to read and pass judgment upon, but it was four or five months before it was handed him. He read it to the last line and then rose up and said: 'Miss Dorothy, I must speak to your father.'"

"But—but what about?" she asked as she turned away. "I—I must prevent you from adopting a literary career, and the only way I know is to—to—"

Miss Dorothy adopted another career several months ago. (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

MUST GET RID OF "ICED" EGGS

Dealers Have Until January 1 to Dispose of 50,000,000 in Cold Storage.

Philadelphia wholesale and commission dealers who laid in a supply of more than 50,000,000 cold-storage eggs, counting on the repeal of the present cold-storage law, must now get rid of the entire number before January 1 or be confronted with a total loss on the investment, according to a statement made by Harry E. Cassidy, former special agent of the State Dairy and Food Commission.

The present law places a time limit on the sale of cold-storage eggs. The eggs were bought in April and May for the most part. If the law had been repealed, they could have been disposed of next to the end of the season, when a price repealer. Mr. Cassidy lost his position with the State two years ago after a controversy with Governor Tener. He is now in this city as purchasing agent for food supplies for the British Government.

Auto Road Maps Free

Showing best roads to all the popular Eastern summer resort regions, such as Asbury Park and North Jersey coast points. Atlantic City, Ocean City, Wildwood, Cape May and all other South Jersey places. New England to Canada, Catskills and Adirondacks, Delaware Water Gap and Poconos—also map showing auto routes to the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

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LEDGER CENTRAL

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